

NEXT Wednesday morning Sir Winston Churchill will be presented at Benjamin Franklin House with the Philadelphia Franklin Medal, designed by Sir Jacob Epstein, and a specially bound copy of "Mr. Franklin," an illustrated collection of some of Franklin's best letters.

January 17, the 50th anniversary of Franklin's birth, will be marked by decorous junketing both here and in America; but the most lasting memorial of this great European will be undoubtedly be the thirty-volume edition of his papers sponsored by Yale University and the American Philosophical Society, which Franklin himself founded.

Remembering that in Europe such pious projects often peter out for lack of funds (Constable's letters cannot find a publisher, and in France the collected letters of Sainte-Beuve and Mérimée have come to an ignominious halt), I asked Mr. Whitfield J. Bell, Jr., the assistant editor of the Franklin Papers, how he stood in this respect.

Pressurised Scholarship

"We'll just about get by," he said. "Dime" and "Life" gave us 400,000 dollars and the Philosophical Society put up another 175,000. But we've spent 40,000 this year on photostats alone. We've a permanent staff of five, and of course we do have certain unavoidable travelling expenses." (Mr. Bell lodges in a small hotel and lunches not at the Savoy but at a City chop-house, the "George & Vulture," which Franklin himself patronised.)

Mr. Bell's English contacts, of whom Sir Lewis Namier is probably the most eminent, would doubtless view his conditions of work with envy, as much as with admiration.

Inheritable East

THE Japanese are indeed a very curious people. This is the cover to a folio-size, 350-page propaganda magazine distributed in the New Year in a



luxurious wooden case by the Asahi Shimbun Newspaper concern.

Proudly the Asahi writes: "This print by Sharaku interprets effectively the role of Edohel, the villain. The eyes are slanted, the lips are tight and the open hands emerge from the boom."

All I can say is that no ex-

prisoner-of-war of the Japanese could have done a better job on a caricature of "This is Japan."

Study of Strategy

SIR ARTHUR BRYANT is publishing next autumn a study of Lord Alanbrooke's wartime strategy called "The Turn of the Tide." The Field-Marshal, who is helping Sir Arthur with this work, was the Government's chief military adviser for the last four years of the war.

Based on the immense mass of Lord Alanbrooke's diaries and autobiographical notes—the bulk of which cannot be published for many years—it describes Great Britain's military recovery and achievement in the decisive years between Dunkirk and the Italian surrender of 1943.

Six years ago Lord Alanbrooke and the Royal Regiment of Artillery entrusted Sir Arthur Bryant with the task of writing the Field-Marshal's official biography, if Sir Arthur survived him.

Miss Davies of Wales

OF the seventy pictures from the National Museum of Wales which are now on show at Agnew's, thirty-one were bequeathed to the museum in 1851 by Miss Gwendoline Davies, C.H. By this one act she metamorphosed a distinguished provincial museum into the nucleus of a national gallery.

Miss Davies's fortune came from coal: such was her modesty that not many people outside Wales may know that her patronage extended also to music and more particularly to publishing. The Grosvenor Press (named after her house in Monmouthshire) was the most fastidious and, where illustration was concerned, one of the most creative of all the true private presses.

Its productions were, in the main, connoisseurs' reprints of established classics; but one exception has always stuck in my mind as an example of inspired regional planning—the elaborate edition of "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam," retranslated into Welsh.

Seventeen Pyramids

A BRITISH firm, Sir Alexander Gibb and Partners, has been chosen to act as the consulting engineers for the two largest hydro-electric projects of 1956—the Kariba Dam in Central Africa and the Aswan Dam in Egypt.

Both projects should transform the economy of their countries, but at the moment not even the planners know for certain which dam will form the largest reservoir. They will be the biggest artificial lakes in the world.

The partner ultimately responsible for these projects is Angus Paton, a shrewd London-educated Scot who has designed wharves in Rangoon, a harbour in Syria, factories in Turkey, and the Guinness Brewery at Park Royal.

On the Aswan Dam side the bed

of the Nile is covered with sand and silt to a depth of 600 feet, while the fact that 80 per cent. of the annual flow of the Nile pours through the Aswan gap in four and a half months adds vastly to the logistic complexity of the scheme. The dam itself will be seventeen times the size of the Great Pyramid.

Boat Day

UNABASHED by the fog that swathed Olympia, the Royal Yachting Association held a flag day at the National Boat Exhibition on Thursday and raised £200 for the British Olympic Association. The cost of sending five boats and fourteen men to Australia will be £7,000.

Sir Geoffrey Lowes, who is chairman of the B.O.A. Olympic committee, tells me that his daughter suggested the scheme. They are thinking of holding

other Olympic flag days at regattas during the summer. This year there is an added incentive for raising the money. The Duke of Edinburgh, who will open the Olympic Games at Melbourne on November 29, is President-elect of the Royal Yachting Association. As Sir Geoffrey remarked: "The horse people did it, and I think the yachmen can too."

Vitaminiser

IT is now a master of days before Sir Harry Jephcott retires at the age of 65 from his position as managing director of Glaxo Laboratories Ltd.

Not only is he a pharmacist of international repute (it was largely through his work in his early thirties that our first preparation of Vitamin D was made available to doctors), but he has sponsored the production, on

an industrial scale, of penicillin, cortigone, streptomycin, and, more latterly, the B.O.G. vaccine for the prevention of tuberculosis.

What's in a Name?

When I asked him how he managed this continual expansion of his activities, he said, "You get together a group of good men and set them a finite problem. They solve it. Then you've just got to set them another or they'll go somewhere else."

During the war Sir Harry was Manufactured Foods Adviser to the Ministry of Food, and, as such, had a great hand in the Pure Food regulations—most notably in those which govern the labelling of food. On the question of nomenclature it happened that he had already acted in the early 1930s, when the house-name of Glaxo was dropped from the immensely

prosperous baby-food and there was substituted the more analytical Ostermilk (which, when broken down, means just what it is: dried milk plus Vitamin D—ostelin).

Probably, in his character, goes hand in hand with a streak of adventurous cleverness. Needing, more than thirty years ago, to import a few pairs of the famous Wistar albino rats from Philadelphia, he smuggled them across in his cabin. "It was a foreign boat," he said. "Luckily they never swept under the bed."

Mr. Cox Comes to Town

SIR DAVID ECLES has some big schemes in store for Mr. Trenchard Cox who takes up his new post as Director of the Victoria and Albert next week. At this museum there is no need to worry about the predilections of trustees, for the Director is solely

responsible to the Minister of Education.

Mr. Cox's first task will probably be an inquiry into the reasons for the poor attendance at the Wellington Museum in Apsley House. After that he will be able to turn his attention to one of Sir David's favourite projects, the improved furnishing of our Embassies overseas.

Every year the Victoria and Albert is offered legacies and gifts of fine furniture. Hitherto these gifts have been rejected if, as often happens, the museum has a comparable exhibit. Now Sir David Eccles hopes that benefactors will let their fine pieces go overseas to embellish our embassies and consulates.

Wightman Prospects

NOW that Miss Maureen Connolly is on the sidelines and Miss Doris Hart has turned professional, this year's American Wightman Cup team would anyway have not been its usual devastating self.

Mrs. Margaret Dupont, the American captain and doubles player, has now told Susan Noel that she will also not be competing. She does not want to leave her fourteen-year-old son, Billy, but hopes to come in two years' time.

It is twenty-five years since we last held the Cup. If the British team does not this time make a strong showing against the American newcomers, it will again, and more forcibly, be suggested that the match should not be played every year.

The Infernal Machine

TWO days before Christmas, a resident of Teddington received a fine turkey as a gift from a friend in Ireland. To ensure safe delivery it had been brought over by an obliging acquaintance, who had struggled through the Customs with the bird among his baggage. It was very large, very heavy, and it was prominently labelled "BEADY STUFFED."

On Christmas morning the grateful recipient saw the bird committed to the oven, watched the heat adjusted, and left it to cook. Later a tremendous ex-

plosion in the kitchen blew the oven door off its hinges and scattered turkey, bones and glass over the room.

Lodged in the smouldering remains was all that was left of an Irish whiskey bottle.

The Ad-Man . . .

"I'm a she-wolf from Bitter Creek and it's my night to howl!" Crescent Sam leaped into the kerosene glow of the biggest saloon in Perry, Oklahoma, and fired a six-gun into the air.

Suddenly, he spotted the stern-



faced peace officer you see here. He acted and pulled.

And in a gun flash he lay dead. Crescent Sam, thief and killer had made the fatal mistake of trying to outshoot Bill Tighman. Tighman who could hole the ace of spades at thirty feet. Tighman who in later years said, "I never shot at a man in my life and missed him."

. . . Cometh

Bill Tighman was no legendary gun fighter. . . . His hardy pioneer spirit and resolute courage are a legacy today's 160 million Americans are very proud to share. Why not guard your security the safe way that helps your country? Invest in—and hold—U.S. Series E Savings Bonds. (Advertisement) issued by the U.S. Treasury Dept.

Not

ASKED if he believed in luck A. J. Joan Coteau replied: "Certainly. How else can you explain the success of those you date?"